



Sunset

No.1

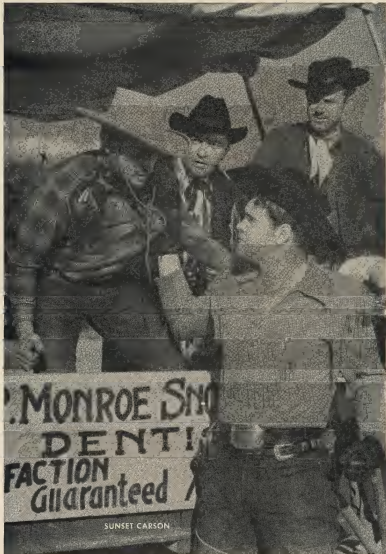
CARSON

ALL COMICS

10¢
F.P.L.



SUNSET CARSON and the GOLD RUSH
The ROVING MARSHAL WYOMING MAIL



SUNSET CARSON

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Sunset CARSON

IN THE ROARING, FRANTIC DAYS OF THE GOLD RUSH, GHOSTTOWN, ARIZONA, SPRANG UP OVERNIGHT INTO A BOOMING MINING CAMP. THEN, ITS BONES PICKED CLEAN OF THEIR GLITTERING TREASURES, IT WAS AS SWIFTLY ABANDONED. FOR YEARS IT WASTED AWAY--A TOWN WITHOUT PEOPLE--UNTIL ONE DAY A NEW CRY OF GOLD WENT UP. ONCE MORE LIFE BREATHED IN GHOSTTOWN AS A NEW HORDE RETURNED... AMONG THEM, SUNSET CARSON... TO FACE HIS MOST HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE...



NEW GOLD STRIKE AT GHOSTOWN! RUSH IS ON!

REPORTS OF DISCOVERY OF NEW DEPOSITS OF GOLD IN GHOSTOWN, ARIZONA, HAVE STARTED WHAT MAY AMOUNT TO A NEW GOLD RUSH. THERE IS SAID TO BE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF THE PRECIOUS METAL WAITING FOR THE PICK OF THE MINER. H. J. BLACKSTONE, DISCOVERER OF THE NEW LOSE, SAYS GHOSTOWN OFFERS A REAL OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRIOUS MINERS.

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL BELIEVE, STRANGER!

I SHORE DO! MIND IF I RIDE ALONG?

SURE THING, STRANGER. COME ON AND MAKE YOUR PILE WITH THE REST OF US!

CACTUS, I MAY BE AN ORNERY CUSS, BUT I GOT A FEELING THIS IS ALL NOT ON THE UP AND UP!

THE FOLLOWING AFTER-NOON, SUNSET CARSON AND THE HEAVY TRAVELERS RIDE INTO GHOSTOWN. THEIR RECEPTION IS NOT ALL THEY HAD EXPECTED.

YOU SHOULDN'T A COME, BOYS. WE'VE ALL BEEN TRICKED!

YOU MEAN THERE'S NO GOLD HERE?

THERE'S GOLD ALL RIGHT PLENTY OF IT!

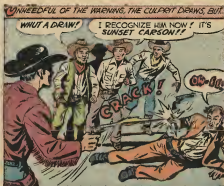
BUT BLACKSTONE OWNS THE WHOLE SHEBANG AND IF WE WANT TO MINE GOLD, WE MINE IT FOR HIM!

FOR STARVATION WAGES, TOO!

NONE OF US HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO GO BACK. WE EITHER WORK OR GO HUNGRY!!

THIS BLACKSTONE SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY UNPLEASANT HOMBRE

YEAH?



WIN WIN, SUNSET TRIES TO PRESENT THE CAUSE OF THE MINERS...

..AND IF THEY DON'T LIKE IT, THEY CAN GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

BUT THEY HAVE NO PLACE TO GO YOU'VE TRICKED THEM!



I TRICKED NOBODY! I BOUGHT AND PAID FOR THIS LAND AND I RUN IT! YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN!

YOU HEARD HIM, STRANGER!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE, BUT I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND FOR A BIT!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND FURY ITSELF ENTERS THE ROOM.

YOU! WHEN I SOLD YOU THIS LAND, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO USE IT FOR A SLAVE CAMP!

I HAVE A PERFECTLY LEGAL BUSINESS ENTERPRISE, YOUNG LADY. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS LAND ANY MORE!



I HAVE A BILL OF SALE FOR THE PROPERTY. MY CLEVERNESS IN FINDING WORKERS FOR MY MINES IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS. NOW LEAVE!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S RIGHT, MA'AM. WE MIGHT'S WELL LEAVE!



AFTER INTRODUCTIONS...

SO THIS WAS YOUR LAND, EH? MIND TELLIN' ME ABOUT IT?

I OWN A BIG CATTLE SPREAD IN THE VALLEY. THIS MOUNTAIN WAS OF NO VALUE TO ME SO I ADVERTISED IT FOR SALE!

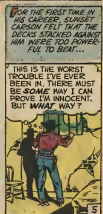
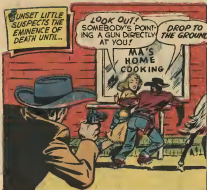


THEN ONE SUNDAY MORNING THIS BLACKSTONE HOMBRE COMES TO MY RANCH AND OFFERS TO BUY THIS WHOLE SECTION...I SOLD IT TO HIM...

WELL, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT THEN!

IT MAKES ME FURIOUS TO THINK WHAT HE'S DONE!





AT THE TRIAL THE NEXT DAY, ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF BLACKSTONE'S MEN TESTIFY AGAINST SUNSET...



...AND POOR RED NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

THAT'S A LIE!

NOW WHAT DOES THE DEFENSE HAVE TO SAY FOR ITSELF?



LIES! THEY'VE ALL TOLD LIES!

LOOK AT HER-- DEFENDING HER LOVER!



SHE'LL PROBABLY WEEP AT THE HANGING!

IF EVERYBODY WILL BE FAIR, I BELIEVE I CAN PROVE I'M INNOCENT AND THAT THE HOMBRE I KILLED SHOT FIRST!



THERE WERE ONLY TWO SHOTS FIRED. MY SHOT KILLED HENDERS INSTANTLY. HIS SHOT PASSED OVER MY HEAD AND CRASHED INTO THE WINDOW AT "MA'S HOME COOKING" IS THAT RIGHT?



THAT'S RIGHT! CAME RIGHT THROUGH MY WINDOW AND NEARLY KILLED ME! I'VE GOT THE SLUG RIGHT HERE. IT'S A .45



MY 38 KILLED HIM INSTANTLY SO HE MUST'VE SHOT FIRST. DEAD MEN DON'T SHOOT GUNS!



HE'S INNOCENT!

THAT'S RIGHT!

BLACKSTONE'S A LIAR!

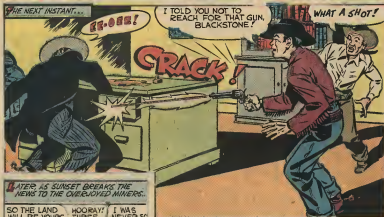
I DECLARE THE DEFENDANT INNOCENT! COURT DISMISSED!



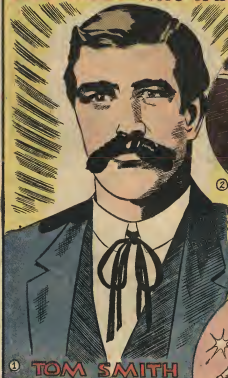
WE'VE UNFINISHED BUSINESS. LET'S GO

YOU WERE WONDERFUL SUNSET!





THE MAN WHO TAMED ABILENE



① TOM SMITH

THE YEAR WAS ABOUT 1860, THE PLACE, THE TIGHT TOWN OF ABILENE, TEXAS. TOM SMITH, A EX NEW YORK COP, AND NEWLY ELECTED MARSHAL OF THE TOWN HAD LAID THE RULE DOWN THAT NO GUNS WOULD BE WORN IN ABILENE. HE PROPOSED TO ENFORCE THIS LAW HIMSELF, WITHOUT HIS GUNS AND ONLY HIS FISTS TO DO SO. THE FIRST ON HIS LIST



WAS A TOUGH COWHAND BY THE NAME OF BIG HANK, A MAN WITH A NASTY TEMPER AND A NUMBER OF GRAVE STONES TO SHOW FOR IT. WITH GUNS POINTED AT HIM, TOM SMITH WALKED DIRECTLY UP TO BIG HANK AND DEMANDS HIS GUNS. BIG HANK LAUGHED AT HIS REQUESTS AND ORDERED



PEACE WAS KEPT IN ABILENE FOR ALMOST 6 MONTHS, UNTIL TOM SMITH WAS SHOT BY A MURDERER THUS ENDED A COLORFUL CAREER. OF THE MAN WHO TAMED A TIGHT WESTERN TOWN WITH ONLY HIS BARE FISTS!



THAT SMITH GET BACK TO NEW YORK. BEFORE BIG HANK KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, SMITH HAD SMASHED HIM TO THE GROUND WITH A HARD RIGHT HOOK. BEFORE HE COULD SHOOT, BIG HANK FELT ANOTHER BLOW THAT NEARLY KILLED HIM. AS HE LAID STILL ON THE GROUND TOM SMITH PICKED UP HIS GUNS AND WENT INTO HIS OFFICE.



WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE FOR THE LAW ABIDING AND ROARING GUNS FOR THE OUTLAW, SUNSET CARSON CARRIES ON AS ROVING MARSHAL OF THE WEST.

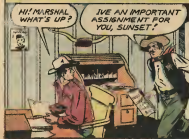
ONE OF THE DUTIES OF ALL OFFICERS OF THE LAW IS TO CONSTANTLY STUDY THE "WANTED" POSTERS. AS OUR STORY OPENS, SUNSET CARSON IS ENGAGED IN THAT STUDY.

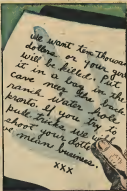
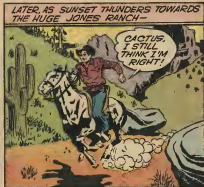
HI! MARSHAL
WHAT'S UP?

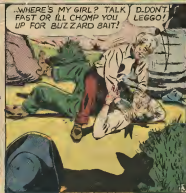
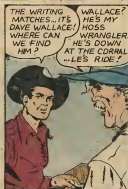
I'VE AN IMPORTANT
ASSIGNMENT FOR
YOU, SUNSET!

THE DAUGHTER OF RALPH JONES, THE RANCHER, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED... YOU'VE GOT TO GET HER BACK!

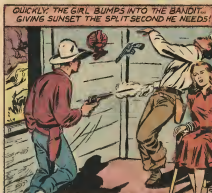
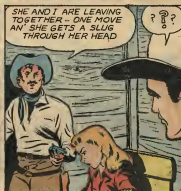
SAY! THAT
PICTURE
LOOKS A BIT
FAMILIAR! LET
ME SEE IT!

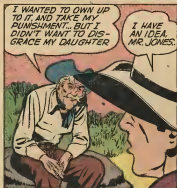












Sunset Carson Traps An Indian Ghost

As Sunset Carson rode through the main street of Ridge Town he was conscious of something oppressive in the air. Outwardly things were about the same since he had last been there. Jed Eagan's Feed and Grain Store was still open. Jack Slade was still running his blacksmith shop. And people were still going into George Charpenning's "Gilded Lily" where faro and card games were being played. Every now and then a familiar face would look at the most famous man of the West and remark, "Hi there, Sunset." The tones were friendly enough but you could sense the cold fear that gripped each person.

Sunset stopped at his destination which was a small white house on the edge of the town. He dismounted his horse and tied the reins to a hitching post. Outside the door was a small sign with black letters which read: "Dr. Matt Cole." Sunset knocked but once and a friendly voice responded, "Come on in. Door's open. Find me in the living room."

Dr. Cole was in his early fifties. He was a man of medium build and clean-shaven. There was a calm dignity about him that put you at ease. "Good sight for sore eyes to see you, Carson," was his greeting. "I've been counting the days until you came. Now maybe we will have some action and settle things one way or the other."

Sunset came right to the point. "Before I go out to Joe Devery's place I must know how things stand. Is he crazy about seeing the ghost of Chief War Cloud riding his black horse? And does he really hear the old war drum with its message of death?"

The medical man shook his head first one way and then the other. "If things keep up the way they have been doing we will all be crazy. I saw the old chief myself, riding his famous horse in the dead of the night when the moon was hiding behind the clouds. Warning the people to leave Ridge Valley, he held his lance above his head the way he did before he went on those massacres of his. Bill Salwer, Jim Hammil and Wes Brutan have quit the valley and Charlie Russel is selling

his property to Henry Wells. I'll saddle up my horse and we'll both ride out to see Joe."

Joe Devery was not the type of man to be easily frightened. He had been one of the survivors of the Santa Fe Expedition. And at Adobe Walls he and other buffalo hunters had outfought a thousand Indians. A red-headed, brown-eyed man, six feet one inch in height, he was a regular bear cat in a fight. But the look on his face clearly showed he was deeply worried. In the living room of his ranch house he spoke to Dr. Cole and Sunset Carson.

"If things keep up this way, there won't be a living soul in the valley. Before Chief War Cloud died he said he would come back and kill all the people who settled on his land. He claimed the white man had no legal title to it. You can see him this evening and hear his warning. About midnight he rides his horse and the war drum beats out its terrible message."

Sunset rode his horse slowly for there was no moon above to guide him. In back of him were Dr. Cole and Joe Devery. His keen ears picked up a low rumble which increased in intensity. "It's the War Drum!" shouted Joe Devery. "In a minute you'll see the chief himself." Sunset strained his eyes in the direction of Ridge Hill and found himself a bit startled. Across the hill a tremendous Indian was riding his horse. Sunset could clearly see the features of the red-skin. The chief was about fifteen feet in stature. His head was shaved and painted red. From the tuft of hair remaining on the crown there dangled several eagles' feathers and the tails of rattlesnakes. His cheeks were daubed with vermilion. In his right hand he held his war lance. Around his hip was a cartridge belt and a six-shooter was visible. As the staccato beats of the drum sounded, the chief moved across the hill on his horse and vanished.

"He will be back again," warned Dr. Cole. "And what are you going to do about it?" Sunset dismounted and took his rifle from its scabbard. Again the Indian Chief rode across the hill. Sunset fired a continuous stream of bullets until his rifle was empty. Then he returned it to the scabbard. He had but one comment to

make. "Lead-bullets can't kill a ghost Indian. Have to try something else."

On the way back to Joe Devery's place a group of mounted men met them. "Is that you Joe?" asked one of the men. "It's me, Tom Davidson," replied Joe Devery. Sunset Carson has been with me to look at the Indian ghost. Come on over to my place. Carson failed to kill the ghost."

Two hours later the living room of Devery's ranch house was filled to top capacity with tired and angry men. Tom Davidson voiced the sentiment of most of them. "I'm no coward and I'll fight anything living. But not a ghost. No use staying around here. Next week I'm going to pull my stakes and move. Either take government land in Mercer County or hit the coast." But there was one important dissenting voice. Henry Wells, slight of build, with his dark brown hair and hazel eyes, was not the kind of man who believed in ghosts. "No ghost is going to drive me out of here. If you fellows want to go, I'll buy you out. But here I stay."

A slight smile played over the lips of Sunset Carson. "It seems to me you all are overlooking two evident facts. First of all there is someone who wants to get you all out of the valley. Why? I don't know just yet—but I am to find the reason. Second, that ghost of Chief War Cloud isn't the real thing. War Cloud was head of the Ogillallahs and was killed by Major Terry in 1852 at the battle of Crystal Springs. Your ghost is dressed like an Ogillallah Indian. But they didn't have metallic bullets with our present day six-shooter. How in the name of blazes can a ghost who died in 1852 be armed with an up-to-date Colt?"

It didn't take long for Sunset's clear thinking to have its effect on the men. Tom Davidson did a bit of back tracking. "Guess I have acted like a scared sheep," he confessed. "Here I stay and if any ghost wants to fight with me, the sooner the better. Whatever I can do to help Sunset, I want you all present here to know I am willing to do it even if it costs me my life."

The next morning Sunset was at Tom Davidson's place. "You know what I want to do. It may be dangerous and you can say no. But if you follow my instructions I think we can trap the ghost. Start riding now and I'll expect you back by tomorrow afternoon." Then Sunset headed his horse for Joe Devery's place where he was staying.

Three days later at about ten in the evening all the men in the valley were outside Devery's

place. They were all mounted on their horses and well armed. Their eyes were on Sunset who had asked them to be there.

"I know just how the ghost works," began Sunset. "And I even know the man who has been trying to scare you all out of the valley but I haven't found the reason. We are going to watch the ghost tonight for the last time. If one of you tries to leave that will point the finger of suspicion at the guilty party. So stay with me and follow my orders."

The mounted men headed towards the hill and waited for the ghost to appear. Suddenly a piercing scream of a man in trouble hit their ears. Sunset turned his horse around and the men followed him. He stopped after a ten minute ride at a clump of bushes and dismounted. There in terrible agony was Dr. Cole with his right foot caught in a bear trap. Over him with rifle in hand was Tom Davidson. Sunset spoke to the men. "If you look carefully you can see a black magic lantern outfit. It works by a clock mechanism which turns it around. And it projects a slide of your ghost Indian on the side of the hill. Next to this contraption is an old Indian drum. Another clock mechanism operates a stick which sends out your chilling war beats. Tom Davidson went to the county seat and got a surveyor's outfit. Taking our mark from my bullet holes on the hill we figured out where the contraptions must be hidden. And he checked up at the express office. Found a package had been shipped some months ago to Dr. Cole from the United Lantern Company of Kansas City."

"Get me out of here and I'll talk," begged Dr. Cole. Sunset released the trapped leg. And then he spun around, six shooter in hand as Henry Wells tried to shoot Dr. Cole. "Talk now," threatened an angry Sunset Carson, or I'll have every right to kill you."

Visibly shaking with fear Henry Wells explained. "I have been buying thousands of acres of land for almost nothing outside the valley. If you shut the entrance to the valley you would have a perfect natural dam. Then my investment would net me millions. Dr. Cole owed me money and I got him to help me to frighten the people out of the valley. And it would have worked if it hadn't been for that fool Devery getting in touch with you. I should have known that with you around crime couldn't win."

Perhaps it was the ghost of the real Indian himself. Who knows? Yet all the men swear someone said in a ghost voice, "You should have known!"

—Harold Gluck

The Man Who Shot BILLY the KID

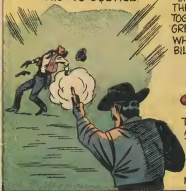


2 COUNTRY AND MAKING A REPUTATION FOR HIMSELF WITH HIS GUNS. PAT GARRETT STAYED IN FORT SUMNER—AND THE PEOPLE ELECTED HIM SHERIFF. HIS CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY WAS TO BRING BILLY THE KID TO JUSTICE.



1 PAT GARRETT

BILLY AND PAT GARRETT WERE FRIENDS. THEY GAMBLERED, BRAWLED AND WORKED TOGETHER. AROUND FORT SUMNER, PEOPLE GREW ACCUSTOMED TO SEEING THEM EVERYWHERE. BUT THE TIME CAME WHEN BILLY LEFT, KNOCKING AROUND THE—



3 ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 14, 1881, THE TWO MEN FINALLY MET. IT WAS AT A SPANISH SHEEP HERDER'S HOUSE THAT GARRETT RECOGNIZING BILLY'S VOICE SENT TWO BULLETS INTO THE DIRECTION OF THE KID'S VOICE. THE FIRST SLUG PIERCED BILLY BONNEY'S HEART, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

SUNSET CARSON'S MOVIE OF THE MONTH



UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL presents

WYOMING MAIL

STARRING



ALEXIS SMITH

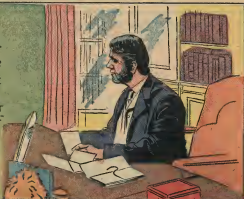


STEPHEN McNALLY



WILLIAM W. WALKER

GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG, ASSISTANT U.S. POSTMASTER GENERAL, IS SORELY BESET IN 1869 BECAUSE THERE HAVE BEEN FOUR MAJOR TRAIN ROBBERIES IN THE WEST IN SIX MONTHS. THE U.S. SENATE THREATENS TO DISCONTINUE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE, CALLED "THE POST OFFICE ON WHEELS" AND ALSO DUBBED ARMSTRONG'S "EXPENSIVE FAILURE"



IN HIS PREDECESSOR ARMSTRONG SUMMONS STEVE DAVIS, WHO SERVED UNDER HIM IN THE RECENT CIVIL WAR AND SHOWED BULLDOG TENACITY IN BREAKING DOWN SO-CALLED INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLES. DAVIS TACKLES THE JOB IN THE CAPACITY OF POST OFFICE INSPECTOR.

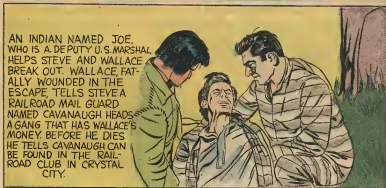


STEVE MEETS AND IS IMPRESSED BY MARY WILLIAMS, AN ENTERTAINER, AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING, WHILE HE IS TRACKING DOWN THE KILLER OF A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR. STEVE ARRANGES WITH THE U.S. MARSHAL TO BE ARRESTED AND SENT TO THE TERRITORIAL PRISON IN WYOMING.

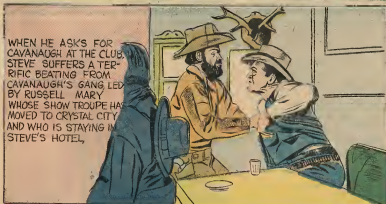
IN THE PRISON HE LEARNS THAT WARDEN HAYNES IS THE KILLER AND IS PUTTING INMATES IN THE PIT WHEN THEY DON'T DIVULGE THE HIDING PLACES OF THEIR HIDDEN LOOT AND SHARE IT WITH HIM. SAM WALLACE IS ONE OF HAYNES' VICTIMS, AND STEVE GETS THROWN INTO THE PIT, IN ORDER TO QUESTION HIM.



AN INDIAN NAMED JOE, WHO IS A DEPUTY U.S. MARSHAL, HELPS STEVE AND WALLACE BREAK OUT. WALLACE, FATALLY WOUNDED IN THE ESCAPE, TELLS STEVE A RAILROAD MAIL GUARD NAMED CAVANAUGH HEADS A GANG THAT HAS WALLACE'S MONEY. BEFORE HE DIES HE TELLS CAVANAUGH CAN BE FOUND IN THE RAILROAD CLUB IN CRYSTAL CITY.



WHEN HE ASKS FOR CAVANAUGH AT THE CLUB, STEVE SUFFERS A TERRIFIC BEATING FROM CAVANAUGH'S GANG, LED BY RUSSELL MARY WHOSE SHOW TROUPE HAS MOVED TO CRYSTAL CITY AND WHO IS STAYING IN STEVE'S HOTEL,



TREATS HIS WOUNDS



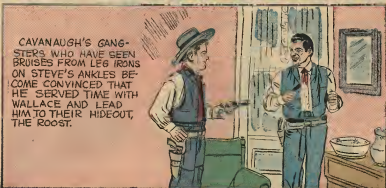
THEY FALL IN LOVE WHILE SHE IS NURSING HIM.



THE ROOST, A CAVE IN THE INDIAN CLIFF DWELLINGS NOT FAR FROM CRYSTAL CITY. THIS IS THE HIDEOUT OF THE BANDITS THAT STEVE IS TRYING TO LOCATE.

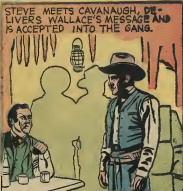


CAVANAUGH'S GANGSTERS WHO HAVE SEEN BRUISES FROM LEG IRONS ON STEVE'S ANKLES BECOME CONVINCED THAT HE SERVED TIME WITH WALLACE AND LEAD HIM TO THEIR HIDEOUT, THE ROOST.





WITH SEVERAL OF THE BANDITS WATCHING HIM CLOSELY, STEVE CLIMBS THE STEEP SIDES OF THE CLIFF THAT LEADS TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE BANDITS



BECAUSE HE LEARNED MORSE CODE FROM WALLACE IN THE PT, STEVE IS ASSIGNED TO WORK AS RELIEF TELE-GRAPHER AT CRYSTAL CITY WITH BEN, WHO SEEMS LIKE A GENTLE HONEST SOUL



AT THE RAILROAD CLUB STEVE FINDS MARY IN THE GANG'S SECRET OFFICE AND IS AMAZED TO LEARN SHE IS A MEMBER OF THE MOB. SHE TELLS HIM THE GANG IS PULLING ITS BIGGEST JOB YET, THE ROBBING OF THE EAST BOUND MAIL TRAIN OF \$200,000 IN GOLD THAT AFTERNOON AT THE HALF WAY POINT BETWEEN LARAMIE AND CRYSTAL CITY. SHE ORDERS STEVE TO GO TO THE ROOST AND BRING THE GANG FOR THE CAPER.



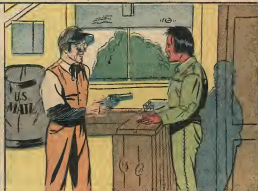
ENROUTE STEVE MEETS JOE THE MARSHAL AT A RENDEZVOUS AND JOE WORMS HIS WAY CLOSE TO THE CAVE WHILE STEVE IS IN THERE. LEAVING THE CAVE WITH THE GANG, STEVE HANGS BACK AND TELLS JOE TO---



RUSH TO CRYSTAL CITY AND TELL BEN TO FLASH WORD TO LARAMIE AND THE MARSHAL TO PUT A POSSEON BOARD THE EASTBOUND TO FRUSTRATE THE ROBBERY.



MARY IS TALKING TO BEN WHEN JOE RUSHES INTO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND DELIVERS THE MESSAGE. THE HITHERTO GENTLE, HONEST APPEARING BEN TURNS OUT TO BE A MEMBER OF THE GANG. HE SHOOTS JOE ON THE SPOT.



MARY IS HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT AND OVERWHELMED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT STEVE IS A FEDERAL AGENT. SHE STARTS FOR THE RAILROAD CLUB WEIGHING HER PROBLEM. SHE CAN EXPOSE STEVE OR WARN HIM. HER LOVE FOR HIM PROMPTS HER TO TAKE THE LATTER COURSE



STEVE IS COMPELLED TO ACCOMPANY RUSSELL AND THE GANG TO THE HALF WAY POINT WHERE STEVE IS TO TAP THE WIRE AND SEND A MESSAGE TO LARAMIE, TO ORDER THE EASTBOUND TO SLOW DOWN. THIS IS TO FACILITATE THE ROBBERY.



CAVANAUGH REACHES CRYSTAL CITY ON A TRAIN. BEN TELLS HIM STEVE IS A SPY AND CAVANAUGH GOES TO THE CLUB AND ROUGHS MARY UP. HE ORDERS THE BARTENDER, A GANG MEMBER, TO TAKE HER TO THE ROOST AND GALLOPS OFF TO THE HALF WAY POINT HIMSELF.



JOE THE INDIAN, DYING DRAGS HIMSELF FROM THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE CLOSET WHERE BEN HAD HIDDEN HIM, AND MANAGES TO GRAB A STEP ON THE ENGINE OF A TRAIN LEAVING CRYSTAL CITY. THE FIREMAN PULLS HIM INTO THE CAB AND JOE TELLS ABOUT THE PLANNED ROBBERY.



HE REACHES THE SPOT AS STEVE IS ON A POLE TAPPING THE WIRE TO SLOW UP THE EAST BOUND. STEVE SEEING CAVANAUGH AND SUSPECTING HE KNOWS HE IS AN AGENT, LEAPS FROM THE POLE TO THE RIVER BESIDE IT AND ESCAPES.



THE EASTBOUND STOPS AT THE HALF-WAY POINT, THE ROBBERY BEGINS, AND STEVE CRAWLS FROM THE RIVER TO A VANTAGE POINT



THE ENGINE AND COAL CAR BEARING JOE SPEEDS TO THE SCENE WITH ARMED COWMEN ABOARD AND THE BANDIT GANG IS CAPTURED AS JOE DIES.



CAVANAUGH AND DE HAVEN, WHO IS THE SECRET MASTER MIND OF THE GANG, GET AWAY ON HORSES. ENROUTE TO THE ROOST DEHAVEN SHOTS CAVANAUGH IN THE BACK TO SILENCE THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD IMPLICATE HIM.



STEVE FOLLOWS DEHAVEN TO THE ROOST WHERE DEHAVEN IS BEATING MARY FOR HER FAILURE TO EXPOSE STEVE. DEHAVEN SHOTS MARY THROUGH THE SHOULDER BEFORE STEVE FORCES HIM OUT OF THE CAVE AND TO HIS DEATH IN A FALL FROM A LEDGE



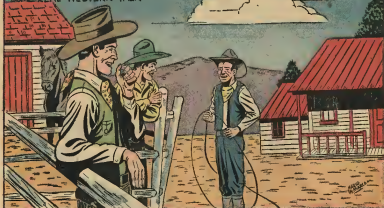
THE GANG ALL DEAD OR CAPTURED, STEVE IS PROMOTED IN THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, AND HEADS FOR A NEW ASSIGNMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO. FIRST, HOWEVER, HE WINS A PARDON FOR MARY SO THEY CAN AVOID SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON IN JAIL

The End



WESTERN TALK

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN DOWN WEST? PLACES LIKE TEXAS, OKLAHOMA, ARIZONA AND LISTENED TO A BUNCH OF COWBOYS SWAPPING YARNS OR TALKING ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL. IF YOU HAVE YOU'RE SURE TO HEAR SOME REAL "WESTERN TALK"



BY WESTERN TALK WE MEAN "WESTERN SLANG," WORDS AND PHRASES THAT THE COWBOY HAS INVENTED IN HIS OWN WAY OF THINKING. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE A FEW WORDS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEANINGS.



SIWASH- MEANING AN INDIAN AND USED IN THE SENSE OF NOT BEING UP TO THE WHITE MAN'S STANDARD.



THUMBER- A TYPE OF SHOOTER WHO REMOVES THE TRIGGER AND GUARD FROM HIS GUN AND SHOTS BY RAISING AND RELEASING THE HAMMER WITH HIS THUMB. HE DOES HIS SHOOTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS AND RELIES UPON SPEED FOR SAFETY



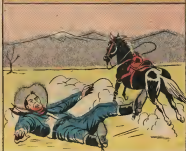
BIBLE- THE COWBOY'S NAME FOR HIS BOOK OF CIGARETTE PAPERS.



BLOW UP- TO START BUCKING, ALSO BOIL OVER.



CARRY THE NEWS TO MARY- SAID WHEN A HORSE RUNS OFF WITH THE SADDLE ON HIS BACK



BOB-TAIL GUARD- THE FIRST GUARD AT NIGHT HERDING



BIG FIFTY- THE COWBOY'S NICKNAME FOR THE FIFTY CALIBER SHARPS-RIFLE



AMONG THE WILLOWS- SAID OF ONE WHO IS DODGING THE LAW



BROOM-TAIL-RANGE MARE- A HORSE WITH LONG BUSHY TAIL.



SIDE WINDER- A RATTLE SNAKE, USUALLY FOUND IN THE DESERT, WHICH STRIKES BY SWINGING ITS HEAD AND PART OF THE BODY TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT: ALSO USED IN SPEAKING OF HUMANS WITH LITTLE PRINCIPLE



SALIVATE - TO LIQUIDATE, TO SHOOT FULL OF HOLES.



SACHET KITTEN OR PRETTY KITTY COWBOY'S NICKNAMES FOR A SKUNK.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANARY- ONE OF THE NUMEROUS NAMES GIVEN FOR A BURRO.



PRAIRIE LAWYER- A NAME FRE-
QUENTLY GIVEN TO A COYOTE BE-
CAUSE IT MAKES SO MUCH CHATTER



CALIFORNIA COLLAR- A HANG-
MANS' NOOSE, TAKING THIS NAME
FROM THE VIGILANTE DAYS OF
CALIFORNIA.



PARLOR GUN- WHAT THE COWMAN
CALLS A DERRINGER OR SMALL GUN.

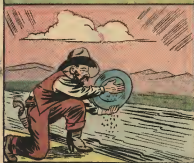


ADAPTED .45 COLT
WITH A $3\frac{1}{4}$ " BARREL
MADE IT EASY TO HIDE

RIB WRENCHES- A SLANG NAME
FOR SPURS.



RIVER SNIPER- A GOLD PANNER.



BONE ORCHARD- COWBOY'S SLANG
NAME FOR A CEMETERY.



CHEYENNE



MAJOR GRENVILLE M. DODGE, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE UNION PACIFIC, WAS GIVEN THE PRIVILEGE OF NAMING THE NEW RAILROAD TERMINAL POINT IN SOUTHEASTERN WYOMING. HE REMEMBERED THE BRAVE CHEYENNES WHO FORMERLY LIVED THERE. THE TOWN OF CHEYENNE WAS FOUNDED IN 1867.



AS SOON AS THE NEWS SPREAD THAT IT WAS TO BE THE MAIN DIVISION POINT FOR THE RAILROAD, THE EASY-MONEY BOYS FROM EVERY Waning FRONTIER TOWN HEADED STRAIGHT FOR CHEYENNE.



SALOONS AND GAMBLING HOUSES HAD THEIR DOORS OPEN BEFORE THE TRACKS THAT WERE BEING BUILT INTO CHEYENNE WERE BUT A FEW MILES AWAY.



CHEYENNE QUICKLY ACQUIRED A BAD REPUTATION IN SEVERAL MONTHS. THERE WERE OVER 300 SALOONS AND GAMBLING HOUSES IN OPERATION. KILLINGS WERE QUITE FREQUENT DUE TO GAMBLING AND WILD DRINKING.



BY 1869, THE LITTLE CITY BOASTED A POPULATION OF OVER TEN THOUSAND—THE MOST POLYGLOT MASS OF TIN HORNS, LABORERS, SOLDIERS, TRAPPERS, COMMON, GENTLEMEN AND THIEVES EVER COLLECTED IN ANY FRONTIER TOWN.



CHEYENNE SHOULD HAVE WITHERED AWAY WHEN THE RAILROAD MOVED ON WEST. INSTEAD, IT GATHERED NEW STRENGTH WHEN IT BECAME IN 1875, THE MAJOR OUTFITTING POST FOR THE GREAT BLACK HILLS GOLD STRIKE. BUT IT WAS THE COWBOY WHO BROUGHT CHEYENNE ITS LASTING VITALITY. HE CAME NORTH DURING THE EARLY 70'S DRIVING THE BIG HERDS OF THE TEXAS CATTLE BARONS INTO THE LUSH GRASSLANDS OF SOUTHERN WYOMING.



SUNSET CARSON



CHUCK WAGON GUS

